



MOST REV. FR. SYLVIUS, C.P.,
General of the Passionists.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
MISCELLANEA ...	97	BY THIS SHALT THOU CON-	
GARIBALDI'S ADMIRERS.		QUER. By Thomas H.	
(POEM.) By H. E. G.	99	Curneen, B.Sc. ...	112
Rope ...		FATHER O'GROWNEY. By F.	
A CLIENT OF OUR LADY. By		P. Carey ...	117
Cecilia Roche ...	100	DISILLUSIONMENT. (POEM.)	
THE POETRY OF LIONEL		By J. H. Donnellan ...	121
JOHNSTON. By Urban		COIR NA TEINE. By MURPHY NA	
Young, C.P. ...	104	MÓNA ...	122
THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR		THE GUILD OF BLESSED	
LADY ST. MARY. (POEM.)		GABRIEL FOR BOYS AND	
By Mrs. Richard Baneroff-		GIRLS ...	124
Hughes ...	111		

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Miscellanea.

OUR readers will be interested to learn that there was held, during the month of June, in St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, Lancs., the twenty-first triennial Chapter of the Anglo-Hibernian Province of our Congregation.

This Chapter had the happy augury of being held in a Retreat beneath the sanctuary of whose church lie the remains

of the founder of the Province, the venerable Father Dominic of the Mother of God, the cause of whose Beatification is now proceeding at Rome, and of the widely-known and much-loved Father Ignatius Spencer, who so zealously aided him in promoting and establishing the Order in these countries.

The assembly was presided over by the Most Rev. Father Sylvius, of St. Bernard, General of the Order, who had made the to-day difficult journey from Rome for the express purpose. He had brought the special blessing of our holy Father, Benedict XV., who referred to his own life-long affection for and devotion to St. Paul of the Cross, and sent from his paternal heart a message of charity and peace to all the religious of the Province. The labours of the Chapter comprise, among other things, a review of the past three years, of the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Province. Among these items we cull the following:—

Missions and retreats, 427; charity sermons, 214; population of our parishes, 27,579; baptisms, 2,254; marriages, 441; converts, 337; children in our schools, 3,928; members of the Confraternity of the Cross and Passion, 4,393; visits to the sick, 14,200; communions, 940,000.

The election of new Superiors on whom will rest the guidance and government of the Province for the next three years was held on the third day, June 13th. It was preceded by a discourse on the previous evening, given by the Very Rev. Father Philip Coghlan, on the responsibilities and qualifications of those chosen to hold office. On the following morning a solemn votive Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung, the outgoing Provincial with his two Consultors being respectively celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon. Other preliminaries, required by Canon Law, being complied with, the elections were proceeded with and resulted as follows:—Provincial, Very Rev. Father John M'Mullan (re-elected); First Consultor, Very Rev. Father Cyprian Meagher; Second Consultor, Very Rev. Father Sebastian Slean (re-elected); Master of Novices, Very Rev. Father Ephrem O'Connell (re-elected); St. Joseph's, Highgate, London, Very Rev. Father Malachy Gavin (re-elected); St. Anne's, Sutton, Very Rev. Father Isidore Whelehan; St. Saviour's, Broadway, Very Rev. Father Egwin Wilkes; St. Mungo's, Glasgow, Very Rev. Father Alban Kennedy (re-elected); Holy Cross, Belfast, Very Rev. Father Bernard Mangan; St. Mary's, Harbourne, Birmingham, Very Rev. Father Antoninus Hull; St. Paul's, Mount Argus, Dublin, Very Rev. Father Francis Kelly; St. Mary's, Carmarthen, Very Rev. Father Urban Young; Blessed Gabriel's, Enniskillen, Very Rev. Father William Brennan.

* * *

The golden jubilee of the Canonization of St. Paul of the Cross was kept on the 29th June, the festival of SS. Peter and Paul. The eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of the Princes of the Apostles occurred in 1867, when more than four hundred bishops assembled in the Eternal City for its due celebration. The actual day was marked by a most imposing ceremonial in the Basilica of St. Peter's, when Pius IX. promulgated the decree of canonization of several martyrs and confessors, among the latter being the father and founder of the Passionists.

It is announced that all necessary formalities are now concluded for the canonization of Blessed Gabriel, but the final arrangements for this happy event must await the conclusion of the war.

* * *

On Sunday, 17th June, we had the satisfaction of having eleven more priests added to our ranks in the sacred ministry. They are the Rev. Fathers Basil Carron, Alphonsus Farrell, John Baptist Garvey, Vincent O'Connor, Edwin O'Farrell, Wulstan Henry, Adrian Convery, Justin Muldoon, Joseph O'Neill, Aidan Byrne, Damian Lavan. The ordination took place at All Hallow's College, and was by the hands of the Lord Bishop of Cork. The newly-ordained come most opportunely, for more priests are wanted for Australia, also for the establishment of the Order in other countries. And it seems likely, too, that never in the history of the church will our Lord's plaint of "the ripe harvest and the few labourers" be more keenly realised than when Europe is freed from this terrible war.

Garibaldi's Admirers.

You who hymned to us Italy re-arisen,
You whose chorus of triumph ring'd the world,
You who shut the Vicar of Christ in prison,
Heartless, impious taunt and mockery hurl'd.
Look you, the harvest you sow'd we reap to-day.
What of your handiwork deem you, pray?

You who bade us put trust in man and his engines,
Sang of "the holy spirit of man" set free,—
Truly the Master of men had no need of vengeance.
You hated and turn'd you from Him. He let you be,
Left your schemes and enactments to bear their fruit.
Now we gather it. What of the root?

H. E. G. ROPE.

A Client of Our Lady.

By CECILIA ROCHE.

LOOK, Mary, here comes the Conway girls," exclaimed Cicely Lee, suddenly giving her friend's arm a sharp pinch by way of impressing the fact. "Oh, I forgot," she added thoughtfully, with a sceptical purse of her lips, "of course its Reverend Mother's feast, so probably they've been to the convent to offer flowers and good wishes. They generally manage to poke their noses into everything that's going. You can't go near the convent without encountering at least one of the crew."

"But, my dear, the Conways are a very good family," reasoned the elder girl in her gentle way. "Everybody knows that Reverend Mother has the greatest admiration for Mrs. Conway; she has brought up her children so well, you know."

"Oh, for goodness sake, don't *you* commence ramming the crew down my throat," pouted Cicely. "For my part, I wish they'd all go to Jericho. Every time I go into the church I find one or the other of them there; they simply monopolise the place. But then, with regards to *living* in church, why, you're just as bad—or as good, I suppose I should say."

"Oh, no, you're mistaken, my child," smiled Mary. "Indeed I'm not to be compared with the Conway girls. For instance, take Teresa—the eldest—as an example. Every morning regularly she attends early Mass, getting up at an unearthly hour in order to prepare thoroughly for her Communion. Then coming home she hurries through her breakfast; there is no time to enjoy it at leisure, for to arrive at her place of business in the city at nine o'clock, she has to leave home precisely an hour beforehand. She's a typist, you know, and her work is often very tedious, but she always seems happy and cheerful. I have heard that while Mrs. Conway was so ill last winter Teresa did much of the housework when she returned home in the evening. Several times she did all the washing, yet never once was she absent from early Mass. So please don't speak of *my* goodness any more, Cicely. True, I go to Mass every morning, although I'm ashamed to admit its only since the war broke out that I began this good practice. However, better late than never—as the saying goes. All the same, I am sorry to realise how many precious hours I have wasted during my life while remaining lazily in bed."

"But I don't understand how people can force themselves to rise early, really I don't," Cicely said wistfully. "Often I have tried to make the Nine First Fridays, but something has always happened to prevent me from finishing them."

When my brother first went to the front I did THINK about going to Mass every morning and offering the Sacrifice for his safety and conversion. For you know, Michael has not approached the Sacraments for the past two years. Mother worries a great deal about him. I feel I ought to do some good work, but THINKING about the matter is as far as I get. How on earth do you manage to attend early Mass so regularly, Mary?"

"Well, for one thing, I seldom go to bed later than ten o'clock. I can never make out why people keep late hours; as a result they rise in the morning feeling dull and weary. But my greatest help comes from Our Blessed Lady. Just as I settle down to sleep I say: 'Dear Mother, wake me at six in the morning,' and this she has never failed to do."

Cicely's pretty face clouded a little.

"I have seldom thought of appealing to Our Lady in that way," she admitted, "and yet, how sweet it is to realise that the dear Mother of our Saviour is ever ready to help us! In future I shall appeal to her in all my difficulties."

"Yes do, dear," urged Mary. "Appeal to her *always*; you will experience so much comfort in doing so. But now I must hurry off to old Mrs. Brady; I promised her that I would call in sometime to-day. Poor soul! She is so utterly helpless and alone. I'm afraid she would fare badly if it were not for the kindness of the Sisters of Mercy and——"

"You," interrupted Cicely, earnestly. "Mary, dear," she added, kissing her friend, "you're a thorough good sort, and I'll try to imitate you sometimes. As for the Conway girls, well—I admit that they are really good. My feeling of dislike towards them has, I fear, been prompted by miserable jealousy. You see, they are so much liked and esteemed by everybody, and I have always resented the admiration bestowed upon them. However, I'm sorry I spoke unkindly of them; I did not mean to be uncharitable, really. Besides, like myself, they have, I believe, a brother at the front, so that instead of ill-feeling there should be a bond of sympathy between us."

The good effect of the conversation with her friend was not lost upon Cicely Lee. Suddenly she began to find time and opportunity for many little acts of kindness towards her neighbours, and the poor people grew so fond of her that ere many weeks had elapsed Miss Cicely, as they affectionately called her—the only daughter of indulgent and somewhat well-to-do parents—had become the best loved of all Father Edmund's parishioners.

Indeed, it was surprising to witness how this formerly thoughtless girl—possessed of a naturally easy-going and pleasure-loving disposition—now managed to rise in the morning as early as she desired, cheerfully sacrificing her much cherished cup of tea in order to receive Holy Communion. This she offered for the salvation of her brother, and knowing full well that God is never outdone in generosity.

Cicely prayed with all her heart and soul, begging Our Lady to obtain for her the grace that she might preserve in piety and good works, by which means her brother's conversion must certainly be won, she felt sure.

Then quite suddenly all Cicely's trust and hopes were shaken—nay, almost dashed to the ground. For upon returning from Mass one morning her mother, pale and speechless with grief, placed in the girl's hands a letter bearing the news that Michael Lee had been killed, having faced death bravely and nobly while attempting to rush a position.

During the weary weeks that followed, the awful thought that her brother might not have been ready to die never for a moment left Cicely's mind. Gay, light-hearted, reckless Michael, who had cared so little about religion, living only for the empty pleasures of this world, could scarcely have been prepared to meet his Judge, she feared. And yet, as she sometimes tried to assure herself, never had Our Lady been invoked in vain; and surely the sweet, merciful Mother of our Saviour, to whom all souls are dear, could not have turned a deaf ear to the pleading of an anxious, loving sister. In this thought Cicely experienced a little comfort; so amid mingled feelings of sorrow and hope she continued to place all trust in Mary, and slowly but surely a wonderful peace filled her soul.

The sun lay in a golden glory over all the summer world, though the green shadows were lengthening a little, when Cicely, feeling wonderfully light-hearted, left the little country church and turned into a winding lane beyond. She had just received the Sacrament of Penance, and the kindly words of her good confessor had done much towards soothing the girl's anxiety of soul and mind.

So, revelling in the peace that had descended upon her, she wandered contentedly along the narrow lane, with its straggling picturesque hedges on either side, smiling a little to herself as she recalled Father Edmund's words. A tall, khaki-clad figure, seeing her suddenly as he came across the fields from the opposite direction, smiled too, thinking what a charming figure she presented with the sunshine all around her.

"Excuse me," he said, pausing by her side; "I think I have the honour of addressing Miss Lee?"

"I am Cicely Lee," answered the girl simply.

"Then I am fortunate, indeed, to have met you," he said gravely, "for I have a trust—a sacred trust—to fulfil. But," and there was a shade of disappointment in his tone, "you do not recognise me, I fear. Have I altered so very much?"

"I think I have seen you before," said Cicely, thoughtfully, "but I cannot recall your name to mind."

"I am John Conway. You must know my sisters surely.

Your dear brother—God rest his soul—thought a great deal of Teresa. However, if you will allow me to walk a little way with you I will carefully accomplish my mission—a mission, I trust, that will bring you pleasure. You see," he continued slowly as they strolled along together, "Michael was most anxious that you should know how everything came right with him in the end. It happened on the eve of a great battle—the battle in which the brave fellow lost his life. All day long he had seemed strangely silent and thoughtful. When I questioned him as to the reason of this he, to my surprise, asked if I could find him a priest, saying that on the previous night he had seen in a dream his little sister with a rosary clasped tightly in her hands, kneeling before a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the little church at home. 'I can't express myself, John,' he said, 'but I know little Cicely was praying for me. Something is urging me to make my peace with God at once. Find me a priest, old chap; God will reward you for it.' Fortunately a confessor was at hand—a gentle, kindly man he was, too, and together we embraced the sacrament of consolation. The next morning we received Holy Communion, and Michael was as happy as a sand boy afterwards. Lovingly he spoke of his parents and you, begging me, in the event of death overtaking him, to let you know that he had faced his Judge with a clean soul. Above all, he urged that you should not grieve for him, for he had that morning begged of the good God to accept his soul while it was pure and white, rather than he should live to commit again one mortal sin. As you know, the Almighty accepted the sacrifice."

"I am glad," said Cicely, making no effort to check the tears that were streaming down her cheeks. "It may sound strange to you that I should say so, but, oh! I am very, very glad."

"I understand," he said, gently.

Then placing a silver miraculous medal in her hand, he added:

"Since the day of his first Communion, Michael had never for a moment been without this. It was your gift to him on that occasion, I fancy."

How it all came about is another story. Suffice it to say that Cicely Lee and the Conway girls are now the best of friends. Perhaps, however, this is not at all surprising when one understands that in a very short space of time Cicely will become the sister-in-law of the girls whose good conduct she had formerly so much resented.

The Poetry of Lionel Johnson

THE Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm, but forgone the laurel." Much water has flowed under the bridge since Francis Thompson wrote these opening words of that prose masterpiece, his essay on Shelley. And in that same essay he admits lower down that "the Wanderer is being called to her Father's house," though he qualifies the admission with the remark, "but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the proffered welcome more unstinted." Thompson himself—"Crashaw born again but born greater"—is perhaps the best proof that the Church is once more become the mother of poets, of those who discern "through the Lamp Beauty the Light God." Nor is he alone. Recent years have seen a galaxy of poets adorn the Catholic firmament. The long list includes such names as Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Alice Meynell, together with lesser names such as Ernest Dowson, Father Hopkins, S.J., and the Catholic-minded Digby Mackworth Dolben, and others not a few. With the exception of the three first-named these poets would, doubtless, come under the head of "minor" poets. Not so, surely, the writer at whom we glance in these few pages. True it is that he cannot be said to be well-known. Like his greater contemporary, Francis Thompson, he has not yet come into his own. He is even less widely known than the author of "The Hound of Heaven" and the "Orient Ode." And if Thompson is not, and in all likelihood never will be, a "popular" poet, we can hardly hope that he of whom this article treats will ever be widely read, though he will always claim the homage of devout lovers however few. His is an almost cloistered muse. He has no flamboyant splendour, no "purple patches" in his scholarly, finely-chastened work: much less is there anything approaching rhetoric. Not that rhetoric is poetry: but much of what is commonly called poetry is, more precisely, rhetoric, and as such has a wider if not so deep an appeal as the "real thing." For example—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets," etc. . . .

is fine writing, resounding rhetoric, but hardly poetry, at least according to any of the received definitions. Now, Johnson's work is the antithesis of this. It has been said

that compression and suggestion, combined with clearness, are the essentials of the French literary genius. One is reminded immediately of Lionel Johnson among English writers as an example of this typically French trait. His work has in it something of the moulding of sculpture: there is the carefulness as regards form, the concentration of thought enclosed, as in a casket, in purest diction, that, together with impassioned expression, one looks for in a true poet. His poetry is, furthermore, stamped with the "truth and seriousness" which Matthew Arnold demands in all poetry, if it is to be of a high order of excellence.

Now let us see these things mirrored in some few examples. Take his conception of friendship:—

"I thank Eternal God, that you are mine,
Who are His too: courageous and divine
Must friendship be, through this great grace of God;
And have Eternity for period."

Or again, as in "A Friend":—

"His are the whitenesses of soul,
That Virgil had: he walks the earth
A classis saint, in self-control,
And comeliness, and quiet mirth.

"His presence wins me to repose:
When he is with me I forget
All heaviness: and when he goes,
The comfort of the sun is set.

"But in the lonely hours I learn
How I can serve and thank him best:
God! trouble him: that he may turn
Through sorrow to the only rest."

The thought contained in this last verse has been criticized. And yet if "per Crucem ad Lucem" be the appointed way to wisdom of soul and final essential happiness, surely Johnson with his fine ideal, could not have wished otherwise for his friend than the "Via Dolorosa" which is the surest path to God—"the only rest."

There is, too, a strange haunting music in his verse, soundless yet audible. His cadences recall, at times, Keats words: "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." . . . Johnson's subtle music is oftenest in minor key. Here are some lines from "The Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross":—

"Sombre and rich, the skies;
Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs;
Else a vast silence reigns.

"The splendid silence clings
Around me: and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned and again discrowned.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their station set;
And every wandering star.

"Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king,
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing."

And again in the fine poem, "Cadgwith," where he celebrates again, too, the beauty of night he loved so much—

"My windows open to the autumn night,
In vain I watched for sleep to visit me:
How should sleep dull mine ear, and dim my sight,
Who saw the stars and listened to the sea?"

Here we have an academic care for phrase and language used as a medium of true poetic thought, and far removed from mere phrasing. This "care" is found in all he wrote. As Miss Imogen Guiney well says, "The proud melancholy charm of his finest stanzas rests upon the severest adherence to the laws and by-laws of rhythm . . . excess and show were foreign to him. Here was a poet who liked the campaign better than Capua." To him indeed we may apply unreservedly Newman's definition of culture. Johnson had, in fullest measure, "command over his own faculties and the instinctive just estimate of things as they pass." Among other equipments to culture he was steeped in the literatures of Greece and Rome. We find some of his best work naturally, then, in such poems as "The Classics," and his noble tribute to his beloved Oxford. Listen to these stanzas taken from the former. In faultless verse we are told what the classics mean to one who loves and makes them his own. Such an one, says Johnson,

"scarce other lore need solemnize
Whom Virgil calms, whom Sophocles controls.

"Whose conscience Æschylus, a warrior voice,
Enchanted hath with majesties of doom:
Whose melancholy mood can best rejoice,
When Horace sings and roses bower the tomb."

Who

"dreams with Plato and transcending dreams
Mounts to the perfect City of true God."

And who gathers—

"Æolian rose-leaves blown from Sappho's isle,"
nor forgets in graver moments to turn the page of—

"Herodotus, all simple and all wise:
Demosthenes, a lightning flame of scorn:
The surge of Cicero, that never dies:
And Homer, grand against the ancient morn."

Surely a finer tribute was never paid to the mighty dead whose "spirits rule us from their urns." The poem "Oxford," too, is strewn with beauties of thought and form in Johnson's typical manner—

"City of weathered cloister and worn court;
Gray city of strong towers and clustering spires."

Then, lover-like, he sings of the great company whose memories have taken root in the very stones of his Alma Mater and ends—

"That is the Oxford, strong to charm us yet:
Eternal in her beauty and her past.
What, though her soul be vexed? She can forget
Cares of an hour: only the great things last.

"Ill times may be: she hath no thought of time:
She reigns beside the waters yet in pride.
Rude voices cry: but in her ears the chimes
Of full sad bells bring back her old springtide.

Well fare she, well! as perfect beauty fares:
And those high places, that are beauty's home."

These lines are full of the sad, sweet music noted above. We must not think, however, that cultured restraint and faultless phrase are Johnson's only claims to a high rank among the poets of our time. If that were so the critic would be justified in placing him in the category of polished verse-writers only: and his place is far higher than that. At times Johnson loosens the reins and allows himself to be borne unresistingly along a full tide of intensest feeling, albeit it is always, with him, a tide "too full for sound or foam." Take the series of poems on Ireland. Born in England but with Irish blood in his veins, his heart in keenest sympathy with the woes of "hapless Inisfail." "Ireland" is, undoubtedly,

one of his finest as it is his longest effort, in this kind. Read the lines beginning—"There the white soul of Davis," or—

"Nay! we insult thee not with tears
Although with thee we sorrow."

Not even the "clay-shuttered doors" of our bitterest enemy could remain closed to such an appeal as is made by this great poem. We must quote more at length from it:—

"And yet great spirits ride thy winds: thy ways
Are haunted and enchanted evermore.
Thy children hear the voices of old days
In music of the sea upon thy shore,
In falling of the waters from thine hills,
In whisper of thy trees:
A glory from the things eternal fills
Their eyes, and at high noon thy people sees
Visions, and wonderful is all the air.
So upon earth they share
Eternity: they learn it at thy knees."

"Ireland" seems to us a finer poem than the better-known "To the Dead of '98." And "Ireland's Dead" is the title of a third poem, the beauty of which may be seen from—

"Be it death for thee, they grieve
Naught, to leave thy light aside:
Thou their pride, they undeceive
Death, by death unterrified.

"For their loyal love, naught less,
Than the stress of death, sufficed:
Now with Christ, in blessedness,
Triumph they, imparadised."

Perhaps the most striking feature in Johnson's own character was his genius for friendship, on which indeed we have already touched. Shy, reticent, shunning always what is called "society," he was all the more fitted on that account to cultivate that choicest flower in Life's garden—a perfect friendship. Friendship is "love without selfishness," and for such a love the soil of his pure soul was more than ordinarily prepared. The basis of true friendship which is the marriage of souls is sung by him with exquisite feeling and insight in his "De Amicitia," where he tells us—

"We too have come upon the shining traces
Of white souls, while we walk this darker earth."

And, if the "parting of friends" must cost a pang, yet we need not really grieve—

"Ah, dear our friends, ours past the mists of death!
Ours, where the loved disciple, great Saint John,
Pillows his head upon
The only rest,
God's Breast."

And later on he thus addresses one whom he has "loved and lost awhile"—

"Dear brother and dear brother,
We shall clasp hands beneath the eternal roof,

Friends ever, as of old:
But then with joy untold:
Joy, mightier than our mortal hearts can hold.

Hearts greatly stationed in eternity."

One can see how clear-sounding is the religious note in Johnson's idea of friendship. And, in truth, his faith was his treasure. In early life a Protestant, he became a Catholic shortly after he came of age, thus, aided by grace, responding to a call, on the religious side of his nature, which had been present with him from childhood. Recently a volume of his purely religious poetry has, we understand, been printed. And this is all to the good, for Lionel Johnson's work in this kind is distinctive and special. To write sacred poetry which shall be really such is no slight task, and one in which many have failed who otherwise wrote well. Much of what passes current for sacred poetry is not far removed from doggerel, and is often, at best, pietistic sentimentalism. Johnson himself once wrote an illuminating essay on "The Soul of Sacred Poetry," which is well worthy of study. For example, he is explaining why Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Browning's "Easter Day" and "Christmas Eve," however great they may be in the "speculative" order, are "neither mystical nor devotional," and he says—"Sacred poetry is the flower in art of a creed." . . . And he goes on to remark that no matter what the creed may be, Catholic, Anglican, or Nonconformist (as e.g. in Milton and Mawell) still—"behind, beneath, beyond the poetry must be felt the definiteness of faith which is sure of itself, and which wonders, indeed, perhaps questions, but never doubts." As regards the style of too many "sacred" poems, he says wisely and wittily, "a supposed correctness of expression in singing of the One and All from Everlasting has clipped the wings of the Christian Urania and reduced her soarings to a Sunday-school jog-trot of trite and sanctioned phrases." How perfectly he himself escaped these pit-falls may be seen from these lines, taken at haphazard from "A Descant upon the Litany of Loreto":—

"Ah, Mother! whom with many names we name,
By love of love, which in our earthly tongue
Is all too poor, though rich love's heart of flame,
To sing thee as thou art, nor leave unsung
The greatest of the graces thou hast won,
Thy chiefest excellence!

Mystical! Tower of David, our Defence!
To thee our music flows,
Who makest music for us to thy Son."

Or this, from "Before the Cloister"—

"Come, vestal Lady! in my vain heart light
Thy flame, divinely white!
Come, Lady of the Lilies! blanch to snow
My soul through sacred woe!
Come thou, through whom I hold in memory
Moonlit Gethsemani."

Our space has gone and we have barely crossed the threshold of the temple in which is enshrined the chastened jewel of Lionel Johnson's art. We have said nothing of his great nature-love, and yet as one has said, "Sky and sea! they were sacrament and symbol, meat and drink to him": hardly anything of his sense for music which prompted such poems as "Harmonies" and "The Last Music." Here must be allowed one quotation where the whole poem should be read to be appreciated. Once again Johnson pipes "to the spirit ditties of no tone" . . . melodies unheard in—

"Maidens! make a low music: merely make
Silence a melody, no more. This day,
She travels down a pale and lonely way:
Now, for a gentle comfort, let her take
Such music, for her sake,
As mourning love can play.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death:
Music waves over her still face, and I
Lean breathing love over her. She will lie
In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath:
The twilight wind that saith:
Rest! worthy found, to die."

Truly the Church has not forgave the laurel when such a flower of poesy could bloom in her garden as Lionel Johnson. As the inscription on the tablet erected to his memory in the cloisters of Winchester College—his old school—runs, he was "Bernarum omnium litterarum peritus aestimator." Student skilled and critical in "all good letters," he undoubtedly was; and not least among the poets of Catholic name and fame.

Another poet of our day, alien in religious faith and whose work in poetry, to, is cast in far different artistic mould to that of Johnson, places his poems with those of Arnold and Christina Rossette, in the temple of English literature. Be that as it may, one thing is certain that—as an artist—Johnson is of those who companion "Eternal Beauty wandering on her way": one who might almost have said:—

"I am the flower of beauty,
And I burn that all may see Beauty"—

but who, moreover—as a man profoundly religious—saw evermore through the

Lamp Beauty the Light God.

URBAN YOUNG, C.P.

The Assumption of Our Lady St. Mary.

White as the lilies of August,
And gold as the sheaves of grain;
Blue like the flow'rs by the river,
And fair as the sun after rain.

Terrible, like to a bannered
Army in battle array—
Star-crowned—our Mother has entered
The realms of Eternal Day.

Never again the chill of dawn
In Bethlehem's cave so poor,
Never again the loss of her Son
Our Lady shall deplore.

Never again the bitter wounds
Of Calvary need she close—
For, leaning on the Belovéd's Heart
In heaven she takes repose.

Naught in the tomb but the lilies,
Fit symbol of purest love—
Ah! Mother—take our orphaned hearts
And draw them to heaven above!

MRS. RICHARD BANCROFT-HUGHES.

By This Shalt Thou Conquer.

WHEN Our Lord compared the Church which He was to found on earth to "a grain of mustard-seed which a man took and sowed in his field" by the very comparison He foretold trials and hardships for it. As the seed sown in the earth meets with a thousand obstacles and forces deterrent to generation, as the little sprout is obstructed in pushing its way to the surface, as the growing plant is tossed and beaten under the influence of inclement wind and weather before it waxes strong enough to raise its head erect in self-reliance and strength, so was Christ's Kingdom to fare before it had developed sufficiently for "the birds of the air to come and dwell in the branches thereof" (Matthew xiii. 32).

More explicitly does Christ speak of the evils which were in store for His Infant Church when, as the inspired writer tells us, He said in no vague terms to his Apostles, "And you shall be hated by all men for My name's sake"; and again, "When they persecute you in this city flee into another." (Matthew x. 22 and 23.) Suffering and tribulation were then to be the portion of Christ's pure spouse. But were they not His own? And we must remember that "the Disciple is not above the Master nor the Servant above His Lord." But as Christ's Good Friday was but the foil of His glorious Easter Sunday, so did the Church's victory over all the agencies that would crush her, stand out in bolder relief, and demonstrate more emphatically her Divine Mission, when seen against the dark background of long years of oppression and persecution.

Scarcely had the Redeemer ascended into heaven when the Church's sufferings began. Calumnies without number were spread broadcast against "the Christian sect." Pagan philosophers and priests—the former enraged no doubt because now was propounded a new philosophy which proved the hollowness of theirs, the latter because doubtless they foresaw the decline of their prestige—reviled the Christians and denounced them as enemies of the State. They called them rebels because they didn't obey the laws which were made against their religion. They denounced them as enemies of the Emperor because they refused to worship the statues erected in His Imperial Majesty's honour. They accused them of plotting against the State because they often met in secret places for their Mass and the Love Feast. They pointed to them as being incests, for they heard them call one another brother and sister. Finally they charged them with being murderers, for, thinking the Eucharist was a bloody sacrifice, they had come to believe that they sacrificed

children. Thus was the popular indignation aroused as well as the attention of the Emperors directed to them. Moreover, it was often and insistently whispered in the ear of Emperor after Emperor that this Christian sect was a danger and a menace to the Empire, that while they were tolerated in the State the old Roman divinities could not be propitious.

At this time the decline of the Empire had set in; it had come upon evil days, and the wise Councillors of the Emperors were never slow to assign the cause of all the nation's troubles to the new religious sect; no deity could favour the Roman cause until the Empire was purged of the new superstition. And thus it was, the early Christians came to be persecuted now by popular outbursts and now by Imperial edicts. Why dwell on all those dreadful years from the time of Nero on through the reigns of Marcus Aurelius, Decian, Valerian, and Diocletian till the days when Galerius and Maximin were forced to admit that the struggle had been carried on these 250 years in vain, and that nothing remained but to abandon persecution and to tolerate the practise of the Christian religion?

Persecution indeed had failed—and hopelessly—to wipe out the infant Church. Rather had it proved to be one of the greatest means of establishing it firmly in the midst of paganism. Could the zeal with which that bead-roll of martyrs who are the glory and the ornament of the Church of the early centuries, went forth to suffer all those agonies of which Fabiola gives us but a faint picture, could their eagerness to suffer as the Master had suffered, and their longing desire to bear testimony to the faith that was in them, could these, one must ask, fail to prove to anyone who paused to think, that the Divinity was behind their Church, that here was the religion which alone could satisfy the highest aspirations of the heart of man. Thus it was that in spite of all the tortures the vindictiveness of men could devise, the Church spread till Christians were found in every town and every city of the Empire, so that as Justyn Martyr said, "there was no place in the Empire where prayers were not offered up to God through Jesus Christ crucified." In the words of Tertullian, "they filled the cities of the Empire, its armies, councils, palaces, and senates." Wisely, realising from all this that persecutions were availing nought, did Galerius and Maximin declare that henceforward the Empire must tolerate the Christian Church. Thus the long-drawn out struggle ended in the only way it ever can when the forces of God are pitted against the powers of His creatures. And not only was the Church to be tolerated, but in the wonderful ways of His providence Church and State were soon to be wedded in harmony and co-operation through the instrumentality of one whom God was to raise up for the purpose, and whom history was to know as Constantine the Great.

Constantine was the son of one Constantius, the ruler of

Gaul and Britain—both then provinces of the Roman Empire. Father and son alike were possessed of valorous spirit and were men of great name as soldiers, leaders, and rulers. On the death of his father, Constantine was elected to the vacant rulership. To all who watched with attention the development of things within the Empire it was obvious that Constantine would ere long be involved in a strife with another provincial ruler, Maxentius. This Maxentius, through usurpation, had come to hold chief power in Italy and Africa, and now would fain extend the limits of his sway at the expense of the ruler of the Gallic province. But Constantine was not the man to brook encroachments on his territory. Relations became strained, nor was the complete rupture long delayed. Maxentius found a pretext, and the dogs of war were let loose. With masterly powers of organization Constantine placed an army in the field, and lost no time in setting it in motion. Efficient leader and thorough man of action that he was he crossed into Italy and drove on towards Rome.

Meanwhile Maxentius, in vaunting self-confidence, was but leisurely collecting his troops, and did not seem to realise that his opponent was no mean one, and that he was determined, even against most forbidding odds, not to come out loser from this encounter. It was only when Constantine drew on to the capital that he was spurred into activity and succeeded in concentrating his forces on the banks of the Tiber, determined to hold the city at all costs. And thus finally the two armies faced each other from opposite banks of the Tiber at a spot where it is spanned by the Milvian Bridge.

Even after all the success that had attended Constantine since the beginning of his operations he must have looked forward with misgivings to the issues of the morrow's battle. His soldiers were footsore and weary after their many a mile of marching since they left their homes far away to the northward, while the army that disputed his march onward was fresh and vigorous and numerous—it outnumbered his own by five to one. A less strong man would have flinched, but his undaunted spirit bore up and he was resolved to let his southern foemen see what his northern troops could do. And his resolve must have found favour in heaven's sight. By heaven's assistance he was to win. The eye of the All-Seeing One was upon this struggle for the mastery in the Western Empire, and He was to give proof of His favour to Constantine, and thus—one could scarcely say, with perfect accuracy, as in the case of Saint Paul—to win him to Himself as the protector, defender, and strengthening arm of His Infant Church. And why? Perhaps, because following the example his father had set him, Constantine had ever treated with consideration and kindness and leniency the followers of Christ within his provinces. But at all

events we find the fact stated most clearly and emphatically by his biographers, and no one now is inclined to doubt its truth.

On the day before the battle, in the cloudless, noon-day sky there appeared to Constantine and his whole army a luminous cross, with a scrip bearing words which may be translated, "By this sign shalt thou conquer."¹ At this time, of course, Constantine was a pagan, and did not completely comprehend the significance of the vision. But as he lay tossed in uneasy slumber that night, in the midst of his dreams of the morrow's conflict, it was given to him to understand more fully its significance. Our Saviour appeared to him bearing in His hand the symbol he had already seen in the heavens, and He commanded him to use it as his standard in battle, promising him that victory should be his if he did. So far it had been the Roman Eagle that had ever been borne along in victory, but now at Christ's command it was to be cast aside and replaced by the cross of the Christians. But what more fitting standard might a victorious army bear aloft on the battle-field than the Cross of Christ? To some the cross may be the badge of slavery and oppression, but to him who is a follower of the Crucified, the cross by which the Master conquered the world and sin and death can be nothing else than the emblem of victory complete and decisive.

And thus it was that at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, Constantine went into the fray with the cross borne aloft in his van. To history this standard of Constantine has become known as the Labarum. It was designed under his own instructions, and the superintendence of priests to whom he had explained his vision. It consisted of an upright lance, inlaid with gems, with a traverse beam forming the cross. For greater ornamentation from the traverse hung a banner beautifully decorated, with the monogram of Christ interwoven, and the words, "By this sign shalt thou conquer." Completed it was the acme of the artificer's handiwork.

The struggle commenced and the battle was waged long and doubtful. But, as in a battle fought in later days and in a different clime, when Brian led his troops against the Dane at Clontarf with the crucifix once more for a standard, of the issue there could be no doubt.

Evening came and heard the banks of Tiber groan with the agonies of the dying. It saw the troops of Maxentius scatter in rout and disorder, with their leader left behind, drowned in his attempt to cross the river. As the sun dipped beneath the ocean's rim, Constantine recalled his pursuing

¹ *Toutw vika*, or according to some, *In hoc signo vinces*.

troops; the day was his; his entry into the Imperial city would be now undisputed; he was supreme master of the Western Empire.

In the hour of his victory Constantine did not forget the Christians whose God had helped him in his hour of need. Ever he had been their friend, but now and henceforth he was to be something more. He was to be their champion, with all the strength and the official power with which the victory of the Milvian Bridge had invested him. One of his first official acts was the issuing of an edict in conjunction with the ruler of the eastern portion of the Empire, granting toleration to the whole Christian community. Similarly he commanded that the churches which had been taken from them should be restored, and all losses sustained by them in the recent persecutions should be made good at the expense of the State. Countless favours were granted to the faithful in general and to the clergy and higher dignitaries particularly.

Thus at last did break the long-wished for dawn of the Christian Church; its dark night was over and a glorious day before it. More glorious still waxed that day when some years later, having obtained supremacy in both the Eastern and Western Empire, Constantine became himself a Christian,—having been hitherto only one in sympathy,—and declared the Christian religion to be henceforward the official religion of the Empire.

In an age like the present, when in most countries, if the State is not openly persecuting the Church, it has at least divorced her, it affords us consolation to go back and dwell on the state of things in the Church of the first three centuries. For we cannot fail to realise the Divinity of a Church which in her very infancy was able to weather the gales and scathing blasts of all the persecutions pagan Rome was able to conjure up against her. Ay, weather them and live them down, nay, even bring her persecutor—the Rome of the Cæsars—to her feet, acknowledging her mistress and queen. And can we doubt but that the same Divinity is with the Catholic Church of to-day guiding and watching over her destinies? Lo! Jesus says: "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world" (Matthew xxviii. 20.) And while He is with us, is there anything to fear? Though Powers and rulers may revile or oppress us, and hurl calumnies against our Mother, still we may ever be confident and look cheerfully to the future. The God of the early Christians will not desert us. In His own good time He will raise up other Constantines to wipe the salt tears from our Mother's eyes, pluck from her head the crown of thorns and place instead upon it the laurels of victory.

THOMAS H. CURNEEN, B.Sc.

Father O'Growney.

By F. P. CAREY.

ONCE in the long ago I asserted before a body of fellow-Irishmen that Meath was, and is, the most Irish of the counties of Ireland. I really believe it, so implicitly indeed that I re-assert it now in the foreword of an article devoted to one of the latest and greatest of the self-sacrificing patriots which Meath has given to Ireland. Perhaps I ought confess to such a widely-drawn circle of readers as that before me, that I recognize a point or two against me, and that I am quite aware that opinions will differ on a subject of this kind, as on every other. Therefore, I require no apology for a possible exercise of the inevitable characteristic pride of home which induces Irishmen the world over to stand up in defence of a particular natal county. That is exactly what I do myself for the Royal County, for I claim Meath as my home, though I was born far from its sunny fertile plains. In any event, my readers will assuredly yield to me in sympathy since I write in tribute to the memory of Eugene O'Growney, who was an Irishman in the highest conception, even much more than he was a steadfast son of lordly Meath.

I am full of Moynaltian memories, and these are bound to my filial Irish heart by the tenderest, though strongest ties. I love Trim and Dunshaughlin, and Kells of St. Columba, and scholastic Clonard; over to the Yellow Ford where once was enacted scenes made dear to me in my recollections of persons who moved therein. Athboy and its environs during the mid seventies of the last century bring me visions of the girlhood of the sweetest mother that ever lived, and of a great, gentle being who was one of her early playmates—Eugene O'Growney.

And who was he? Alas! the question will be asked in the fulsome sense of its tragic ingratitude. The Irishman who presently speaks so glibly of Brusiloff, and Nivelle, and Cadorna, knows little of O'Growney, though not twenty years have gone since he passed forth. Towards the close of the present month, however, the fifty-fourth anniversary of his birth will be with us, and encouraged by that opportunity, be mine the task to declare that he was a priest, a patriot, and a scholar, first among the most ardent and practical of an age that produced many; a passionate lover of his country who resurrected her fast-dying language, and thus conceived and brought forth that spirit among Irishmen, saving which our national demeanour would now be decadent, and our traditional Mother Erin a misty figure of the receding past; a hero—an almost martyr—who gave his life to the perpetuation of national glory and died an exile in a far-off land.

But my memories of Eugene O'Growney are reminiscent of Kildalkey and the Hill of Ward, near where the beauteous Athboy river ripples its way to the Shannon and the sea. He first saw the light on the 25th August, 1863, but he was really born at Ballyfallon (now called Newton), a quiet little place about a mile from Athboy on the Kildalkey Road, and somewhat distant from the spot which lends colour to my personal interest in O'Growney, and whence his parents migrated while he was yet a babe. He was thus reared in the shadow of *tiacra*, or the Hill of Ward, with pious parents to guide him, and with abundant local traditions of Ireland's golden age, and of her later days of martial glory to fire his soul with a burning ardour for faith and fatherland. Through the course of Eugene's home life the name by which he and his family were known was Growney. The prefix he himself adopted very many years subsequently when his first success in the re-invigoration of the language movement had stirred his enthusiasm to the highest point. This circumstance has been a source of much perplexity to many in search of local data, for which reason I refer to it here, at the outset, by way of affording it a greater prominence.

As a boy, Eugene O'Growney was quite unattractive in the general sense. He did little in common with other boys, though he lacked nothing in courage or love of play. But his tall, thin figure, his dreamy expression, and the lethargic, silent manner of his movements marked him out as one apart, and made the older folk opine that, at the least computation, he was bound to shine some day or other along a scholarly path. He gave himself extraordinary occupations, and had fancies which were adjudged peculiar. For instance, there is a ruin in that part of Meath known as "Remember Church." It now marks the local burial-place, but in early times it counted important in the ecclesiastical life of the country. Tradition has it that St. Patrick once mislaid a valued book, and for a long time could not remember where he had left it. Coming to Meath after the loss, the Saint was saying Mass in the church, when in the middle of the celebration, there suddenly occurred to him how and where he had lost the book. The church was immediately hailed as *Compaill na Cumme* (i.e. The Church of Remembrance), and has borne the name in the shortened form from that day to this. Young O'Growney loved the old ruin, and would joyously recite its story to such visitors as chanced by his home. And from his interest in Remember Church there sprung within his soul a thirst for knowledge concerning the similar places of Meath. In his own way he roamed about the locality, seeking the priests and the old people, and questioning them, returning at length to his playmates with something to be added to the store of stories already given them concerning the ancient glories of their home county. There was nothing of early Christian Meath of which Eugene O'Growney had not learned during the period of his boy-

hood. At the same time he was attending the local National School, and receiving occasionally some home lessons in those branches of education which would fit him for entrance into the Diocesan Seminary, for a priest he had early in life resolved to become.

Singularly neither of Eugene's parents spoke Irish. The language, in fact, was dying rapidly in and around Athboy. Those who could speak it were, with a few exceptions, numbered among the older folk, and they used Irish reservedly, to while the monotony of a holiday or the evening hour, or to discuss private or other matters from which the attention of the younger generation was to be excluded. Relatives of my own,—an old couple with a large family,—who were among the neighbours who regarded the boyhood of O'Growney, provide an amusing recollection of the use of Irish in the Barony of Frayne in those days. They were a very devoted husband and wife, and good parents, but both being very high-tempered, one never yielded to the other without a struggle, even on the most minor matter. To "save scandal," however, as it was explained, when need arose for domestic hostilities, the altercation was made in the native tongue, which only the two could understand. So far as the youth was concerned the native tongue was obsolete, and in the apathy thus perpetuated by old and young alike there remained not sufficient enthusiasm to vivify the hope of a saving grace. But I have spoken of exceptions in the general indifference. There were men and women—not many, it is true—mature in years, and adequately stirred by then recent events to make a dogged stand for the retention of the dear old tongue. The period of which I write was comprised within the seventies—a few years, indeed, within the aftermath of "sixty-seven." Irishmen were in chains in English prisons, or slaving in Van Diemen's Land. Within the country the people were being calumniated and coerced; without, the Fenian prisoners were being tortured to the death. There were "sullen" men in Meath, as a consequence, none others indeed than those who proved the exception to this rule of racial suicide. They would keep the language living, and they did; they would keep the morals of their country's history to the fore, and they did. In their work and recreation, their walks and their talks, they spoke of Ireland, and spoke always in the music of the tongue which God had given them as one of the rights of national independence.

Young O'Growney had eager ears for such things. One day in a field when one man was speaking in Irish to another, the boy asked a question which delighted them. Very soon afterwards one of them lent him some Irish books, which he poured over for months. I treasure one of those books—a volume of Irish sermons, 1795—among my possessions, for the lender who encouraged O'Growney was my maternal grandfather, a farmer, of Kildalkey, and a literary student

of the highest order. His Irish was hereditary in an unbroken manner from the good old days, and he in turn handed it on to me, wherein I hope my claim to write of O'Growney will be conceded.

Thus the years of Eugene's youth were passing. He had found the study of his national tongue the full of an aching void. Every moment he could have was given to such informal study as was possible, and with an altogether amazing result, for his proficiency with an unknown and difficult language was incredible even to some of those who heard him speak. Does this prove, or tend to prove, that the rescue of the Irish language was the beginning and end of Eugene O'Growney's life? It has been said of him that he was born charged with that high purpose, as O'Connell was undeniably charged with the cause of Emancipation. He succeeded, where others had failed, in erecting the Gaelic stronghold, and giving it an unassailable garrison. And when this was accomplished he quietly died. Who but God knows?

It was in 1882 that he entered St. Finian's Seminary, Navan, where he distinguished himself, passing to Maynooth about 1885. At either establishment his ambition towards Irish achievement never flagged. While he was still at Maynooth, Father Nolan, the celebrated Irish-speaking Carmelite and language pioneer, in collaboration with the renowned scholar, John Fleming, began to publish in *Young Ireland* (weekly), a series of lessons in Irish. This enterprise was a source of great delight to Eugene, and provided him with the basis for a more complete and systematic study. He became a subscriber to the journal, and resolving upon the herculean duty of minimising the opportunities of speaking English, he visited and associated only with those who could speak to him in the mother tongue. His vacations were always spent in Irish-speaking districts, chiefly in the Islands of Arran, but occasionally he stayed awhile in the Donegal Highlands, and often went to Kerry and West Cork, and Connemara. His aptitude gained greater claims upon the marvellous year by year, so that by the time his ordination was impending he had a proud command of his own language, and was, in fact, regarded high among the Irish speakers of the day. We must not forget that even in the comparative beginning of his Maynooth course (1886), he had carried off the *Solus* for Gaelic, to the astonishment of professors and students alike.

Eugene finished at Maynooth in 1888, and returned to Navan Seminary, where he became Prefect of Studies. About this time he translated T. D. Sullivan's "God Save Ireland," which he contributed to *The Tuam News*, remarking, "If Ireland is ever to have an anthem of independence, it is in Irish it must be sung."

His ordination took place at Maynooth on June 24th, 1889, immediately upon which he was appointed by the late Most

Rev. Dr. Nulty to the curacy of Ballynacargy, in Westmeath. But his experience of work upon the mission was not to be extensive.

Father O'Growney was never robust in constitution, but in his curate days he enjoyed fair health. He therefore threw himself with whole-hearted energy into the language movement, which was then, despite the whole-souled ardour of a few, in a state of low ebb. The movement really dated from the later sixties, when the Ossianic Society was formed. This fell through after some slight achievement, but a couple of the members—notably Father John E. Nolan, of Clarendon Street, who had compiled *St. Patrick's Prayer Book*, and Dr. Frederick Ryding, a leading Dublin dentist—retained their enthusiasm, and were enabled in 1876 to found the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." This foundation never became popular, but its operations wrenched from the Government a small provision for the teaching of Irish in the National Schools. It filled the gap for twenty-three years, nevertheless, though its fate was sealed by the formation of "The Gaelic Union," in 1880, a movement which gained much greater prominence and popularity.

(To be continued.)

Disillusionment.

Whence cometh this strange ease that I unstirred
Can view the wild commotion we call Life,
And, as one unconcerned in the strife,
Can see, and utter no reproving word,
Ideals, my soul's blossoms, from the herd
Suffer sad violence; and barbed briars grow rife
Where, bared in love, Perfection's pruning knife
Once gleamed for Beauty, by no doubting blurred?

O languid spirit, is this Strength in birth?—
The ardent past a fever that has cooled?—
Or is it that thou'rt weary and earth-stained—
A bird in storm tossed to the sodden earth?
O soul-blooms splendid! shall I, chastened, schooled,
Still nurture you,—or trample where I trained!

J. H. DONNELLAN.

Coir na Teine.

Timcheall reáctmáin ó foim fuairear litir do cuip ácar agus bhró ar mo éiríde. Saeódeal dílis, dútráctac do reir, agus tug ré molaó mór do'n éinne beas Saódlac ro atá agam coir na teine agus tug ré molaó nior mó fós do'r na daoine ósa atá ag foghlaim agus ag múineadh agus ag scaipeadh an Teanga Saeóilge ar fuair na tíre iníu. Iarann ré ar sac doimne go bfuil spiorad agus fuil na nSaódal 'na éiríde teáct anuas de'n éiríde agus cabair éigin a cabairt inr an tioro atá ar riubal i nÉirinn iníu i scoinnib dhóc-béara agus dhóc-nóra Seán Buidé, i scoinnib an Sallócair atá ag bairt ar an dtír reo. Ag reo cur de'n litir. Cuiprío pí mairneac 'nábair seiríochib, a cáirde.

"Tá arim coranta ag Éirinn fós. Tá an fiann ag teáct ar air, míle molaó agus buideacair le Dia! Bimír ag obair, a Saódlac!

Bimír ag obair, go dian dútráctac, do ló ir **misneac!** 'nóirde cum teangán agus nóra na nSaódal do neartú agus do buanú annro imear ag muintir réin. Bimír ag obair san rtao san rtaonad. Bimír dílis dá céile agus d'Éirinn agus tiocfaid an traóirre agus an réan i namhdeoin an traóirle mór le congnam Dé na nSpáirt!" "Nac iongantac é an comact atá ag na daoine ósa? Nac iongantac é an gliondar a cuipéann ríad ar éiríde agus ar aigne duine? Nac iongantac é an méro oibre atá i gcumar dóib a déanam ar rón a dtíre réin ac iad a beir i ndáirírib agus a beir dílis agus Saódlac i scoinnib? 'Siad na daoine ósa an t-aon dócar amáin atá ag Éirinn iníu. Seapair go neam-eaglac 'ra mbeairnain bairíle! Ná géillidir do Seán Buidé go deo!"

* * * * *

Cuipéan Peardar Ós Ó Mórda cuigam an iur doúdar an file clúmáil—An Reáctuir—fadó i n-ágar an **CIALL CEART.** ólacáin. Tá ciall ceart i n-gac focal agus line de. Ag reo é:—

"Ir deap an iur bólaect réar maic agus Sabaltar
Cuirneact agus eorpa le Seapair
Min inr an scoinnia 'sur teine tráctóna
Agus rúge maic ar dócar ir ar bealac.
Léine 'sur cóta ag an Airneann Dia Domnaig
Nata 'sur bhróga 'ra bpairean
Ir go rílm-re ar ndóig, 'sur reair rin go mór
Ná beir ag imteact ir ag ól uirge-beata."

Tá eapba céille ar a lán daoine i nÉirinn fós 'na éiríde san, a Peardar, agus ba bpeá ag gníom é dá mbeirí abaltac iad do cuip ar bealac a leapa.

* * * * *

Ba ceart do sac Saeódeal go mbionn an Saeóilg 'sá foghlaim aise an oipead agus ir réir leir de sean-focail na nSaeódeal do meabru. Ir ionnta atá an ciall agus an **SEAN-FOCAIL.** píinne agus an caint glan, garta. Seo cúpla ceann ar "An Cíann" an t-irpleadair bpeá a cuipéar amac sac páite i dtír Connail:—

'Deirtear nac dtis rós san raotar.

Surb é duine na meaparaacta an duine ir polláine.

Nac dtis curdeat leir an té nac nglacann comairle.

Nac seirígeann Dia leir an té nac ndéanann a díceall.

Surb i an capannact an reo atá i scoinnib an traóirle reo.

Go dtis an bair nuair ir lú a bítear ag dpeim (rúil) leir.

Go bfuil dá fuil agus teanga amáin ag an duine, ionar go dtiocad leir dá oipead a feiceál agus a labrann ré.

Muiris na móna.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross"

Conducted by FRANCIS.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel or Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and guide.
- III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competition will be held.
- IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

WE'LL soon have "The Cross" entirely to ourselves, the Editor says, if we go on encroaching on his space from month to month. Last month we occupied nearly five pages and could easily have filled five more, had we got the chance, but we must not oust the big people out of their entrenchments and cause them "to move to their new positions," as the war correspondents say when they want to make the best of a bad rout and an inglorious retreat. It is good to learn at the same time that the Guild pages are eagerly read every month by hundreds of grown-ups who delight in our work and our play, and love to watch the progress of the various competitors. We must aim at always keeping high the standard of the Guild of Blessed Gabriel. It has done more good in the past than many are aware of, and, please God, there is great work before it in the years to come.

Every reader of the Guild pages was delighted with the poem from the pen of Lilian Nally, published a couple of months ago.

Another Poem. They will be glad to have the pleasure of reading another melodious lilt from the same singer. Here

it is:

LONGINGS.

O for a dell on the mountain side,
When the even is calm and fair,
When song birds carol and flowerets sleep,
And God is everywhere.

When the west wind sighs and murmuring dies,
'Mid the purpling heather there;
My spirit fain would fly to rest
From every worldly care.

To muse on the friends that I love best,
On the joys that never flee:
The songs I've heard, the books I've read,
That lighted the heart o' me.

O for a dell on the mountain side,
When peace is the poet's share,
When song birds carol and flowerets sleep,
And God is everywhere.

God bless the song and the singer! May many another trill of music come to us from her to cheer us and shorten the upward road.

We had just gone to press last month when a big bundle of letters and essays and Irish competition papers arrived from Drogheda. It was then too late to deal with them in "The Cross" for July, and I was reluctantly

obliged to hold them over. As usual, there was a breezy and welcome letter from Ada O'Neill, in which she referred to the coming Feis in Dunleer, and said:—"If I remember rightly, you hinted last year that you were there in a veil, but if you wish to evade detection this time I would advise you to put up a visor. Nothing less would help you to escape our careful scrutiny." I am sorry that it was not in my power to go to the Feis, but I am glad to be able to congratulate my young Drogheda friends on their success there. They succeeded in carrying off several of the best prizes and did battle on every part of the front, language, music, singing, and everything. My hand to them and to their patriotic teachers! I was delighted with the copies of the "Hail Mary" in Irish sent to me from Drogheda—with the writing as well as with the artistic ornamentation. One of the competitors was a new recruit—**Nano Callan**—and I welcome her right heartily, and trust she will spend many a pleasant hour in the Guild. Not content with singing us the sweetest of songs, **Lilian Nally** has been out on a recruiting expedition, and the result is shown in the following communiqué which has just come to hand:—

"TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

"Fag an bealach! Open wide the gates, Francis, here comes Baile Atha Cliath, with her banners waving and trumpets sounding, emphatically declaring that no other clan in the world shall claim first place in our Guild except the Dublins.

"We defy competition, and we intend to bring in another fully trained battalion of recruits ere long. We challenge those who dare to rival us, and we are ready to meet them in battle array on any day they care to name. We call upon our friends in 'the old Brigade' to arise and get ready for action.

"Here come the signatories:—Shiela Lennon, Hilda Gordon, Francis Gordon, Brendan Muldoon, Leo Muldoon, Kevin Muldoon, Jack Martin, Dick Martin, Carmel Curley, Ethna Curley, Maureen Curley, Ursula Murphy, Nancy Joyce, Clare Joyce, Angela Joyce, Grace Joyce, Maureen O'Sullivan, Donald O'Sullivan, Lucy O'Toole, Lillie McDonald, Mary Jennings, Kitty Bolton, Kevin Bolton, Jack Bolton, Kathleen Stokes, Mollie Fagan, Brigid Dalton, Julia Glynn, Ellis Nally, Felicitie Nally, John Nally, Raphael Nally, May Nally. Here come twenty-three staunch supporters from the beautiful Convent of the Holy Faith, Kilcool, Co. Wicklow:—Jim Hannigan, Kieran Clarke, Eddie Hannigan, Francis Smythe, Freddy Mangan, Larkin O'Neill, Crissie Mangan, Fergus Clarke, Dick Sheridan, Terry Sheridan, Tony

Healy, Denis Healy, Tom Lenihan, Dick Lenihan, George Hannigan, Tom Griffin, Stephen Griffin, Jim Murray, Michael Kirwin, Jack Murphy, Rickard Nally, Patrick Nally, Robert Nally. Baile Atha Cliath abu!

I'm beginning to grow nervous over all this mustering of forces and mighty talk. A timid man of peace like myself, that would probably run into a cave, or some place of the kind, if he heard a shot or saw the flash of a bayonet, has need to be careful when all this mobilisation business is set going in real earnest. What about a conference of delegates from the various provinces to evolve some programme of peace? Will Commandants O'Neill, Nally, and Carlos make a move in the matter?

As I'm anxious to publish as many as possible of the delightful competition letters, I must ask the writers of my own little personal notes to pardon me if I only refer to them in a few words. **Josie O'Brien** asks the prayers of her fellow-members for the repose of her brother's soul. R.I.P. **B. M. O'Neill** is too kind to me, and I am more than grateful. I hope to give her some space next month. I wish I could publish in full the beautiful letter of **Chrissie Burke**. I'll try. Welcome to the following recruits, brought in by **Nina Carlos**, of Ballina:—**May Sheehy, Molly Tully, Annie Carroll, Jimmy Carroll, May Carroll, and David Lavelle**. Thanks for letters to **Ellis Ni Riain, Mary Rennie, Nellie Rennie, Rita Carlos, Margaret P. Keogh, Lizzie Malone, Katie Moloney, Bridie Quinn, and John Doran**.

The letters in the Senior Competition were all excellent, but some were entirely too long. The prize offered is awarded to **Rita**

The Awards. **Carlos**, 7 Convent Terrace, Ballina, Co. Mayo, and a Special Prize goes to **Kathleen Ternan**, Presentation Convent, Drogheda, for her "threatening" letter.

The prize for the best little letter on any subject goes to **Josie McGuinness**, 29 North Great Charles St., Dublin. All the letters **Members Under 12** were good.

(1) All newcomers will please write a personal note to **Francis**, apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your competition paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3) **Orders for copies of "The Cross," etc., should not be sent to Francis, but to the Manager.**

When the Badges arrive—whenever that will be—one each is to be sent to **Lilian Nally**, Homeville, Rathmines, Dublin, and **Badge Winners.** **Nina Carlos**, 7 Convent Terrace, Ballina, Co. Mayo.

SENIOR PRIZE LETTERS.

I.

7 Convent Terrace,
Ballina,
13th July, 1917.

My dear Francis,

This month you have given me an excellent opportunity of describing the beautiful seaside resort of Enniscrone for you. It is one of those magnificent picturesque places which adorn our western land with never-fading grandeur, and which display to perfection the rugged beauty of her majestic cliff scenery. Situated only six miles from Ballina, I can often cycle down to it to bask in the delights of its romantic beauty and to think upon "the good old days" which have passed for ever into the great void of oblivion, and which have wrought so many changes in the little village beside the mystic sea.

Enniscrone is a pretty hamlet built on a dark rocky eminence which overlooks the ocean. Pleasant green fields covered with wild fragrant flowers and

downy moss offer a delightful retreat to those pensively inclined. There they can muse upon the charms and secrets of the mysterious deep and listen to the ceaseless message of the waves as they beat "with a soft, monotonous cadence" upon the wave-washed glistening strand. One day last week I visited Enniscrone, and I found myself a peaceful spot amidst gorgeous scenes of nature unsullied by art and undisturbed by the turmoil and noise of a busy world, and seated there, I could not help admiring the exquisite panorama which extended on every side before my delighted eyes, and which gave me such thoughts as "I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal." Away in the distance loomed lordly Nephin, the sentinel of the fairest scenes of Eire, the Mother of Beauty. Slieve Gamph was there too, wrapped in ethereal mist and somewhat low in comparison with the kingly dome of Nephin. The cruel ocean lay calm and serene, gleaming a rich, golden colour where the bright rays of the declining sun irradiated upon it and gave more than earthly beauty. The shell-covered sand was golden also, gilded by the beams of the setting sun, and gradually getting swallowed up in the foam-flecked waves. From my position I could see the broad bay of Killala, where in days of old the Danish invaders sailed in their rude boats, and where, in more recent years, dauntless Humbert steered his fleet to Kilcummin Head. The ancient round tower of Goban Saer towered menacingly towards the calm, azure sky, but alas! it is in ruins, and ivy creeps around its walls, which have defied the shocks of time since the twelfth century. Beside this tower I could also see a ruined monastery founded by Saint Cormac, and a church which shows all too plainly the spoil of years, for only its walls remain. Historic Killala is a ruined city, and as I thought of those who wrecked her prosperity and shattered her buildings, the words of Davis came to my mind—"If we live influenced by wind, and sun, and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the Past, we are a thriftless and hopeless people."

In the olden times when the soft, crooning tongue of the Gael was spoken throughout Erin, Enniscrone was known as Eiscir Abhainn. Even to-day, as I wend my way along the white roads which lead to the historic village, I hear the friendly salutations of peasant men and women uttered in the sweet mother tongue, and I feel quite delighted when I answer them in our own immortal Gaelic language, for it shows that the tongue of our ancestors which was so often scorned and crushed by the foe, can never fade so long as the children of our "Dark Rosaleen" support it as they have ever done since first the invader landed upon our shores.

Hoping this letter will please you,

I remain, dear Francis,

Your affectionate friend,

RITA CARLOS.

II.

Presentation Convent,
Drogheda,
July 10th, '17.

Dear Francis,

I am, as you know, one of General O'Neill's army, and am forced to think by the manner in which you slighted us last month that you are getting very independent, especially since you got those allies from the West. Remember, if the "West is awake," the East is not asleep, and I do not call that fair dealing with us since we were your oldest and truest friends.

These allies may "think" they will win the victory, but we are the followers of an O'Neill, and you may remember having said—in the hey-day of our friendship—that wherever there is an O'Neill there is sure to be victory.

Weil, I'm not quite sure of the cause of the delay last month, but you will probably hear it from some of my comrades. You will hear enough about the Feis, from which we returned as usual laden with spoil.

Another thing I would wish to say is, that I notice that the "booty" generally falls to the lot of the Generals in both armies. Now I do not

wish to dispute the great literary powers of our Generals, but I think this fact disheartens many of the "rank and file."

I hope, dear Francis, you will not call this a "threatening" letter, for it is only the expression of the feelings of myself and many of my comrades.

Good-bye, now, and hoping to renew your precious friendship, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

KATHLEEN TERNAN.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 Years of Age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best Holiday Message to **Francis**. Messages need not be too long, and they may be in prose or verse, serious or humorous.

II.—For Members under 12 Years of Age.

The subject is also a Holiday Message to **Francis**, and a handsome book prize will be awarded to the sender of the best message received.

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the **unaided** work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on one side only of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the office not later than by the **first post** on August 14th. All letters to be addressed: **Francis**, c/o "**The Cross**," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.